The Morality of the Riot.

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SERMON

OF

REV. O. B. FROTHINGHAM,

AT

EBBITT HALL,

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SERMON.

"Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do."—*Luke xxiii.*, 34.

In recalling the frightful scenes of the past week—our New York Reign of Terror—scenes happily passed, and now to be as quickly as possible forgotten, as soon as the lesson of them is learned—these words of Jesus come again and again to my mind, and give the only key that opens their whole meaning. All through the week they were in my thoughts. They would not be drowned by words of fear or words of vengeance. The faint, sweet voice which spoke them from the cross was louder in my ear than the clamors of the populace, the cries of the citizens, the rattle of the musketry, or the boom of cannon. In that ancient City of Jerusalem there was one week of riot. It was instigated and conducted, for their own political ends, by men who called themselves the eminent friends of government, of order and of law. The leaders and abettors of it were the Pharisees, the party of prerogative, and who called themselves the high representatives of the national idea and constitutional authority. The rough material that composed it was the misguided mass of the people; its victim was the child, the friend, the benefactor, the Savior of the people. The High Priest of Jerusalem might have quieted the pop-

ulace, but the victim was not reputed orthodox, and the High Priest wished to keep on good terms with the High State party. Pilate, the Roman Governor, could have put the riot down in a few hours with his soldiers, had he chosen to do it; but he was in good understanding with the chief insurgents; the riot was on the whole in his interest; it was instigated by the pretended friends of the empire—at least by those who dreaded any premature outbreak against the empire, and who wished to keep in good odor with the Roman power. Its object was to crush a man whose teaching, conduct, life, seemed likely to precipitate such an outbreak, and in crushing him to crush the people who supported him, and the spirit of independence which supported the people. Pilate therefore, kept his regiments out of the way, and let the insurrection go on. He yielded to the pressure of the mob of respectables, and after a show of reluctance, a hypocritical washing of his hands, and a sanctimonious rolling up of his eyes, gave the populace their victim, well knowing that it was his own victim too. There was no better way of carrying out his own plans than that of letting the rioters carry out theirs; for they were doing his work—the work of suppressing the spirit of Hebrew liberty, and breaking the heart of the Hebrew faith. How little those people, those mechanics and laborers of Jerusalem, those hard-handed, poor, cheated, simple workmen, knew of the nature of their own deed! How little they knew the men who were driving them on to this tragedy of blood! How little they knew him, the victim, the object of all this rage and malediction, at whom they were howling and shaking their fists, for whom they were demanding the cross! Ah! had they known them, their leaders, they would have buried them beneath a mountain of curses. Had they known him, the victim, they would have taken him up in their arms of

iron, and sheltered him against the utmost wrath of his enemies! And he knew it, the victim knew it well! He knew that they stoned and beat him because they were ignorant and misguided, and took him to be what he was not—their foe, instead of their friend. He knew that there was nothing in their hearts of bitterness or hate against him, Jesus, the man who had spent all his days in going about among them doing good. He knew that the terrible bitterness and the scathing hate there was in their hearts rose fiercely against an imaginary person, whom they had been taught to associate with him; and so, when the cross-beams were laid on the ground near Calvary, and he was stretched out on them, and the brutal soldiers were driving the spikes through his hands and feet, their eyes glaring at him the while, and their poisonous breath reeking in his face, he could only pity them with a pity none but such as he could feel. At that moment, least of all, when their ignorance, their folly, their crime, their insanity was at the height of its consummation, could anger or scorn enter his soul; at that moment, least of all, when the frenzy of their mistake was showing itself in all its horrors, could he do aught but compassionate them, and pray that they might be forgiven. And truly, in that awful tragedy, they were the ones to be compassionated, for they were the ignorant ones, the weak ones, the blind and infatuated ones; they were ridding themselves of their Savior; they were crucifying their friend; they were barring against themselves the gates of heaven; they were tearing off from themselves the hands of God; they were dooming their wives and children to unspeakable misery; they were pulling down on their own heads the whole weight of the empire from whose wrath they thought themselves escaping. Were they not to be pitied? Yes, more than their victim. He who could at such a

time preserve his clearness, his calmness, his courage, his faith; he who could at such a time say those words, "Father, forgive them," with such composure, was not, even though dying a death of agony and shame, a subject for compassion. Admire him, honor him, bless him, worship him, shed tears of gratitude for the manifestation of such a soul; but do not pity him. Pity them who slew him, and in slaying him slew themselves, and hung themselves on a cross of humiliation, from which the ages have not been able to take them down! Were they haters of goodness? It was in the name of goodness, as they saw it, that they persecuted him. Were they foes of religion? It was as the friends of religion, as they had been taught to regard it, that they called for the cross. Were they enemies of law and order? It was in the very cause of law and order, as they had been instructed in it, that they clamored for his blood.

Of all the dreadful and melancholy passages in the history of human progress, none, to a thoughtful man, are more dreadful or melancholy than those which tell how men have resisted, pushed away, reviled, cursed, beaten, mobbed, crucified their benefactors. It does seem, as we read them, as if the most dreaded thing on earth had been the personal, the domestic, the social welfare; as if the deepest anxiety on the part of men of all sorts was an anxiety to escape from their health and salvation; as if the profoundest dread was a dread of mending their estates, and their uttermost horror was a horror of heaven! It does seem, as we read, as if happiness, prosperity, success, were the pet aversion of mankind; as if the signs that were looked for with the most agonized apprehension were the signs that the kingdom of heaven was at hand.

My friends, this is not the language of exaggeration I am using; it is the language of sober truth,

and it is language which feebly describes the character of the truth. All up through the stages of human progress, from the stage of lowest material to the highest spiritual improvement, we meet at every step this sickening experience. In the foreground of Kaulbach's picture of the Destruction of Babel, two bricklayers have thrown down an architect, and are pounding him to death with stones, evidently regarding his drawings as magical signs made to conjure the devil with, and charging on him the downfall of the walls they were building. The picture is terribly true to life. It stands in the foreground of every historical picture. Thus have the laboring classes always treated the men of science, thought, humanity, who were their greatest benefactors. Take as an illustration the history of the introduction of labor-saving machinery. There can be no question—there is no question—among those who look at the matter either in a philosophical aspect as social theorists, or in a historical aspect as practical people, that the introduction of labor-saving machinery, of every kind and in every department of industry, has added immensely to the wealth, the comfort, the ease of the whole community, and that the class most immediately and substantially benefitted by it has been the working, the laboring class. The use of machinery, by bringing the natural forces to the aid of human toil, and hitching our wagons to the stars, as Emerson has it, has emancipated human toil from the hardest, coarsest, most brutalizing drudgery of civilization, and transferred it to more wholesome and more lucrative fields of work. It has made these fields of work, undiscovered and unsuspected before, accessible to industry ; it has led to the creation of new branches of industry and art, which instantly took up and exercised the liberated hands ; it enabled the capitalist to withdraw his capital from the employment of the ruder kind of

manual labor, and to use it to better advantage in other ways. Thus fabrics were cheapened, so that the multitude could have what the few only had before; wants were multiplied, desires increased; the standard of well-being was raised throughout society; augmented supply and demand stimulated each other; the resources of Nature opened their stores of infinite bountifulness; the capabilities of man were unfolded. Instead of throwing men and women out of work, the machines multiplied work to such an extent that more men and women were called for to do it; for the machines must be made, ore must be dug, smelted, manufactured into iron and steel; iron and steel must be manufactured into mechanism — a process which built up enormous cities and called into being vast populations of artisans. The mechanism when made must be set up, and worked by organized armies of operatives, camping in towns by themselves; factories must be built. Out of this grew the trade which was required to distribute these prodigious fruits of industry; the traffic on land, the commerce on the sea; the baskets for carrying all the produce from place to place —baskets called wagons, baskets called ships; the construction of places to receive it and label it and send it out to its destination; depots called San Francisco, New York, Chicago, Liverpool. Where is the end of it? There is no end. The introduction of machinery has rendered services too many for enumeration and too great for gratitude to the industrial population of the earth. There is no laborer, no field hand, no stevedore or 'longshoreman, no carpenter or smith, no spinner, weaver, stocking-maker, shirt-sewer, whose existence is not less poor, barren, beggarly, precarious, short, miserable for it. And yet the outcry of the toiling classes over the globe against machines has been one of the most appalling outcries of modern time, and has preceded uprisings

of the most desperate kind. The beneficent machines have been madly broken in pieces; the inventors and owners of them have been mobbed; factories have been razed to the ground; private dwellings of rich mill-owners have been pillaged and burned; and the populace have been restrained only by bullets and bayonets from bringing an utter destruction on those whose wealth, enterprise, energy, opened to these very laboring people the promise of indefinite occupation and indefinite well-being. "Accursed be machines!" was the cry in hovel and in street! "Each year their growing power consigns to pauperism millions of laboring people, takes away their occupation, with their occupation their earnings, with their earnings their bread." Cry sadder and more insensate could not be uttered. Of course it must be stifled in the blood of those who raised it, for society must not perish. Man must improve his condition, and if he will be convinced of this only at the barricades, then at the barricades he must learn it, in the spilling of his own blood; but every drop of blood is a tear, and the smothered cry is a smothered prayer for forgiveness.

I have used this illustration because it is so striking. But if ignorance can thus make people disposed to curse and crucify the veiled benefactors who would enrich them with material goods, of course ignorance would dispose them all the more to curse and crucify those who would benefit them in a higher degree, which they could even less understand and appreciate. If ignorance makes men mad with inventors, how much more will it make them mad with reformers, philanthropists, redeemers, who bring an uncomprehended and altogether fathomless benefit to their social and moral estate!

We saw this conspicuously and dismally exemplified in the events of the past week. The one man who, before and above all others, was a mark for the rage

of the populace—the one man whose name was loud in the rabble's mouth, and always coupled with a malediction—the one man who was hunted for his blood as by wolves, who would have been torn in pieces had the opportunity been afforded, and on whose account the dwelling of a friend was literally torn in pieces, was a man who had been the steadfast friend of these very people who hungered for his blood; their most constant, uncompromising and public friend; thinking for them, speaking for them, writing for them, pleading their cause through the press, in the legislature, from the platform; excusing their mistakes and follies, asserting and reasserting their substantial worth and honesty and rectitude, advocating their claims as working-people, vindicating their rights as men, proposing schemes for the safety of their persons, the healthfulness of their houses, the saving and increase of their earnings, the education of their children, the exemption of their homesteads from seizure in cases of debt, the enlargement of their sphere of labor, the transferring of their families from the crowded city, where they could do little more than keep themselves alive by arduous toil, to the fruitful lands of the West, where they could become noble and self-respecting men and women. *This* was the man whose blood was hungered for. I need not speak his name—you know who I mean; a man whom some call visionary, but whose visions are all of the redemption of the people; whom some call "fool," but who, if he seem a fool, is foolish that the people may be wise; whom some call radical, but whose radicalism is simply a determination that the popular existence shall have a sound, sure and deep root in natural law and moral principle; at all events, a man who has lived for the people and suffered for the people, and been laughed at when he suffered and because he suffered. *This* was the man whose blood was hungered for. And

yet the most moderate, kind, considerate of all the papers, the last week, was his paper. And I believe he, even had he fallen into the hands of his enemies, would have said, "Forgive them, they know not what they do."

Indulge me, my friends, in one more personality. I said that the dwelling of a friend was pillaged by the mob, under the impression that Mr. Greeley lived there. What was this dwelling? Who was this friend? The dwelling was one the like of which is rare in any city—a dwelling of happiness and peace—a home of the tenderest domestic affections—a house of large friendliness and hospitality—a refuge and abiding place for the unfortunate and the outcast. There was no display of wealth there—there was no wealth to display; yet the house was full of things which no wealth could buy. It was crowded with mementoes. The pieces of furniture in the rooms had family histories connected with them; chairs and tables were precious from association with noble and rare people who had gone. Pictures on the walls, busts in the parlors, engravings, photographs, books spoke of the gratitude or love of some dear giver. One room was sacred to the memory of a noble boy, an only son, who died some years ago. There was his bust in marble, there were his books, there were the prints he liked, the little bits of art he was fond of, and all the dear things that seemed to bring him back. The whole house was a shrine and a sanctuary.

And who were the inmates? The master, a man whose sympathies were always and completely with the working-people, a man of steady and boundless humanity. The mistress, a woman whose name is familiar to all doers of good deeds in the city of New York, and dear to hundreds of the objects of good deeds. To the orphan, and friendless, and poor, a mother; to the unfortunate a sister; to the wretched, the depraved, the sinful, more than a friend. In the

city prison her presence was the presence of an angel of pitying love; at Blackwell's Island she was welcome as a spirit of peace and hope. The boys at Randall's Island looked into her face as the face of a mother. Again and again had she rescued from the life of shame the countrywoman, and possibly the kindred of these very people who plundered her house. For the better part of a year and more she has been in camp and city hospitals, nursing their brothers and sons, performing every menial office. At this moment she is at Point Lookout, doing that work, amid discomforts and discouragements that would daunt a less resolute humanity than hers, giving all she has and is to the *people*, to the wounded, crippled, bleeding and broken people; giving it for the sake of the people—giving it that the people may be raised to a higher social level! And she, forsooth, must be selected to have her house pillaged! She must be stabbed to her heart of hearts, stabbed through and through, in every one of her affections, by these people for whom her life had been a perpetual process of dying! Why, if they had known this that I have been telling you, or but a tenth part of it, those men would have defended with their bodies every thread of the carpets she trod on. But so it is, and so it must be! Only the best names are ever taken in vain on human lips, and they are so taken because they are the best; and best is worst to those who cannot understand it. Theodore Winthrop was shot by a negro. Did he know what he did?

And from whose lips was the word "Abolitionist" flung in bitter hate last week? Why, from the lips of men who, had they known who the leading Abolitionists were and what they purposed, and in what interest they labored, would have coupled their name with blessing instead of malediction. For, with this knowledge they would have been assured that this class of men, whom they held to be their enemies,

were, more perhaps than any other class of men in the community, their friends. They would have been assured that here was a class of men who were contending earnestly for the sacredness and dignity of labor; who were pleading for *free* labor all over the continent; who were determined to break down, if they could, that wall of caste by which the free labor of the North was shut out from the boundless territory and the bountiful fields of the South, and to relieve the bosom of the South itself from that dreadful incubus which prevented the development of its own resources and the increase of its own wealth; men who saw, as the natural result of their efforts, the withdrawal of the black people from Northern cities to their more congenial climates—the employment of them there on their most congenial work—the consequent distribution of labor, according to normal and natural laws, over the whole surface of the country; and as the effect of this an immense increase of production, an enormous demand for every kind of labor, and a prodigious multiplication of wealth, prosperity, comfort, safety and happiness. That this should not be understood, at least that it should not be understood as the design and purpose of those men, seems to me incomprehensible; but it was not, and so we saw the melancholy spectacle of men thirsting for the blood of their benefactors, exposing themselves to death in order to get it and actually, in the effort to get it, falling under the fire of soldiery. In thinking of it one's bosom is torn with distracting emotions, and between feeling for the persecuted and feeling for the persecutors, one almost loses the power of feeling. Could anything be more pitiful? Yes, one thing more pitiful there was—the savage hunting down and persecution of the negroes, as if they, too, were the enemies of these working-people. The poor, inoffensive negroes, most innocent part of the whole population! Most quiet, harmless,

docile people, who could not stand in the way of the white people if they would, and who never thought of anything but of keeping out of their way! These the enemies of white labor! As if they had not, for these very white people, borne the burden and heat of the tropical day, raising the cotton by which we are clothed, and the rice by which we are fed! As if to these and the like of these the white people did not owe a large share of the manufacturing towns where they get their bread! As if the lowest foundation stones of this very New York of ours were not cemented by their bloody sweat! As if there were too many of them in the country now for the country's needs, supposing the country ever to fall into a settled and civilized condition again! As if all there are might not by and by be *required* to do the work which white labor cannot for a long time, if it can ever, safely undertake! Strange complications of things! Strange cross purposes of human nature! The Southern people would revive the slave trade, because they have not black laborers enough, and their allies among ourselves would banish or kill all the black people, because they interfere with white labor! A mutual stabbing at each other's hearts! And on each side a stabbing to its own heart!

My friends, let us try to look at this thing in the light of philosophy and faith. Of course no terms can be kept with rioters. They must be put down by the swiftest and most crushing force. The swifter and more crushing, the more merciful. That is the only way to deal with them. That is understood; the law of self-preservation declares it. There is no necessity for insisting on it here. There is no necessity here for glorifying soldiers, or magnifying the office of the howitzer. Let not the short reign of terror from below tempt us to pray for a reign of terror from above! Carbines and sabers are necessary tools; but they are very ugly tools in modern

cities. I do not rejoice in the picket-guard that clatters in front of my door. This is the place for calm words and thoughts of charity. My friends, I am determined to think as well of human nature as I can. I will not, under any circumstances, justify in my heart the old doctrine of its depravity. I will not believe that my fellow-creatures are fiends. It hurts me to hear them called so by my friends. Need we call them so now? Recalling the immediate occasion of the rioting last week, need we call them so? But for that immediate occasion there would have been no rioting. There was no original thirst for pillage; there was no original thirst for blood. There was at first no raging desire to burn and destroy. This came with the rousing of those passions which cast all reason out of doors, and turn men into maniacs. But let us consider the occasion which led to their excitement—the conscription for the army.

1. In the first place, we must remember that to such of our fellow-citizens who had been subjects of the British crown—Englishmen, Scotchmen, Irishmen—such a thing as a conscription was an unknown horror, which the government of their native country never ventures on; that to such of our fellow-citizens who were Europeans, Continentals, it is a horror only too well known. To their minds the very word "conscription" brings the bitterest of remembrances, the keenest recollections of sorrow and degradation. It suggests tyranny in its most arbitrary form, the tearing of people from their homes to fight battles in whose issue they were not interested. To us conscription means the necessary drafting of men for the defence of their native land, for the suppression of an insurrection, which threatens the nation's existence, for the vindication of free institutions. To them it means the violent compulsion of people to enter the military service in a cause they do not un-

derstand, under an Administration they do not like. I do not justify their resistance. I do not palliate in the least their method of showing their discontent. I do not lessen by a shade the horror that attaches to their crime. But I am *not* surprised at it. We have taught them lessons of independence; we have told them to be jealous of their rights; they are not like the Southern population, who yield to the conscription law with the sullen compliance of men who have no strong sense of personal liberty in their breasts; they resented; they resisted. We see where they were mistaken; we see where they were wrong; it is easy for us to see it—they did not. Let us deal with them as we may or must; but let us do it as a sad necessity—as a necessity laid on us by Law and Order, and every social demand, but as a *sad* necessity nevertheless. Let us say not "God damn them," but "Father, forgive them." If they are assassins, we will not forget that they are suicides.

2. Again: the exemption clause. No doubt it was well intended; no doubt it was carefully meditated and thoughtfully inserted in the draft order; no doubt excellent reasons can be given for it, and cogent arguments can be urged in its defence; but these reasons were not given; these arguments were not stated; the intention of the clause was not explained; and it did seem, it could not but seem, to grant a virtual release from the draft to the whole comfortable class of the community. The sum was just large enough to be beyond the poor man's raising; it was not large enough to be an inconvenience to the moderately well-conditioned. Was there nothing in that to stir the resentful feelings of the poor? Is there nothing in that, as we think of it, to mitigate our resentment at theirs? How could they understand it? I confess I could hardly understand it myself, passionless as I was, and prepared to put the best construction on the acts of the Administration (myself one of the

virtually exempted ones by that clause). I could not at first think it quite wise or fair. How, then, should they think it so, who were touched by it to the quick, who stood outside of its benefits, and who were *not* prepared to put the best construction on the acts of the Administration? I plead this, my friends, simply in mitigation of judgment on their crime. Of course, I see where they deceived themselves, or were misled by others. I see the full character and the full bearing of their mistake. I see now how this very clause, while it sweeps no larger number of them into the ranks of the army than would be drawn without it, does make more comfortable the families at least of those that go. But do *they* see it? *Could* they see it? If they could and did, then my plea for them, in that article, drops to the ground. If they did not and could not, then my plea for them at the bar of reason stands.

3. We must make allowance, too, for the depth of the ignorance among the working-classes, especially among foreigners, in regard to the war, its causes, its origin, its principles, its purposes, the ends for which it is conducted, the issues towards which it is pressed; ignorance respecting the creed and spirit of the Administration. It is an ignorance that pervades the world, that fills England and France, that possesses a large portion of our own citizens, whose education, mental habit, or social position, blind them to what we think the real nature of the struggle in which we are plunged. How much more is it likely to possess and blind these? It is an ignorance that organizes opposition in every part of the world, and even here among our own citizens, who will persist in saying, and saying precisely to these misguided and unintelligent men, that the war is waged on purely partisan principles. Why, then, should the opposition of *these* excite in us so much surprise? Oh, the fearful extent to which they have been mis-

led by the reckless men who rule the politics of the country! It makes me sick to think of it. If there ever was a war for the working-classes, this is one; it is a war for them and theirs peculiarly; it is a war for their position in society, for the rights of their industry, for the safety of their homes, for the elevation of their class; a *people's* war against the only despotism on the face of the continent; a war of modern *ideas* against old institutions; a war of the *nineteenth century* against the feudal ages; a war of *humanity* against that which crushes humanity to the earth and dishonors it; a war for the free condition of *human nature;* a war which every man who appreciates at all the social significance of our institutions, which every man who loves those institutions which every man who has sought refuge under them from foreign limitations and despotism, should rush forward eagerly to support, his fortune, his life, his duty and honor in his hand. And yet it is a war which these people, who are to be the most bountiful gainers by it, savagely oppose!

It is a very mysterious thing in history, this alliance between the most turbulent and the most tyrannical, the most depraved and the most despotic portions of society. The most undisciplined, barbarous, savage members of a community are ever in league with the most overbearing, insolent, imperious and domineering members of it. They who are under the least self-control bow most deferentially before those who rule others with the most iron rod. The people who were proudest of having turned out to a man, in London, for the maintenance of law and order, on the day of the great Chartist demonstration there, were the most immoral class in the city—proved by the criminal returns to be nine times as dishonest, five times as drunken, and nine times as savage as the rest of the community. (See Spencer's Social Statics, p. 424.)

In Boston, on the occasion of the rendition of Anthony Burns, all the thieves, burglars, cut-throats swarmed from their dens and volunteered with alacrity to enforce the Fugitive Slave law. And now the leaders of the Southern Confederacy count, and count securely, on the Northern populace. The fiercest allies of the only absolutely despotic class in the country are the outlaws of society. The men who are fighting for the privileges of the extremest tyranny, the privileges not of ruling merely, but literally of *owning* the laboring class, these men have the implicit, the unquestioning, the fanatical loyalty of the people who are at the opposite end of the social scale—the people who own nothing either of fortune, position, influence or character, and whose sole relation towards the despots they worship is that of mad, savage slaves. In Europe this alliance between the despotic and the lawless may be fortunate for the peace of the community. In our own Southern States it is eminently conducive to the tranquility they desire. But when the lawless are here and the despotic are there, when the barbarism is in New York and the tyranny in Richmond, when the elements of discord and turbulence in our Northern cities fly to support their iron-handed rulers in the seceded States, there ensues a state of things, especially in time of war, that is calculated to shake society to its foundations, and fill every loyal heart with dread. The unruly, as if they felt instinctively their lack of self-control, seek a ruler—fly to the strongest to save them from themselves—worship the sternest, the most high-handed, the cruelest, and by that natural sympathy with brutality are maintained in subjection to law.

Heaven speed the time when these heedless, reckless, licentious children of humanity may feel sensible of the weight of power without its brutality—may reverence authority when it is neither beastly

nor cruel—may yield obedience to Order, whose symbol is not the sword, and to Law, whose badge is not the bayonet. But till that time comes, we, my friends, with thoughtful minds and sad hearts and sober consciences, and souls full as we can make them of human charity and good will, must hold in our hands those terrible symbols, and in the Christian spirit do the ruler's part.

And let us not, let us not, for anything that has happened in these few terrible days, let us not for a moment lose faith in our republican institutions, in our democratic ideas, in our great princples of human liberty. I hear already the shout of derision that will be raised against us; I hear already the prophecy that our North American civilization is a failure, and is coming to its end. But *we* know it is not. *We* know that to these principles and them alone our safety has been due thus far; and that by bringing them to greater perfection, by extending them, our safety will be secured eternally. *We* know that our danger springs not from the unruly elements in human nature, not from the emancipation of the masses, not from full enfranchisement of the populace, but from the natural and fatal allegiance of the lowest animal element in society to the same element, equally low, equally animal, equally lawless and inhuman, that arrogates and possesses the supreme authority and supreme prestige. We know that if we can dissolve that allegiance by abasing that authority and destroying that prestige, these wild elements will in time crystalize at the touch of legitimate power, and will cling with willing and grateful obedience to the centres of Order, Equity and Law.

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